

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1808.

NO. 1034.

## THE HISTORY OF

### GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO,

CONTINUED.

"GOSTANZA, my child," said Lysimachus, "whence this fruitless grief? why do you thus refuse the consolation, the tears of a father? can nothing console you for the loss of a lover but the sacrifice of your father and yourself? I say of your father, Gostanza, for cannot survive the loss of my child. I am already oppressed with the weight of years; have buried your mother, and all my children, except yourself; the mercy of Heaven, I fondly thought, had left you for the last drop of my age and life; will you be more cruel than my most persecuting fortune? will you deprive me of the only comfort which my adversity has left me? will you thus become your own executioner? It is true, indeed, that you have not raised your hand against your life, but will this voluntary indulgence of your grief, this passionate refusal of all remedy and consolation, is this, I say, a less effectual method of self-destruction? Your youth, your hitherto celebrated beauty, a gift of nature not unworthy of preservation, are already consumed; your bloom of life is blighted, and you are failing to the earth in the very opening of your charms. Martuccio is indeed dead, but Lysimachus yet lives; your lover lost, but your father survives. Gostanza, my child, restrain your tears; live for your father if not for yourself; live from duty if not from love."

The consolation and embraces of Lysimachus were ineffectual; Gostanza would return no other reply than that of tears. She at length rose from her seat, and leaving the apartment retired through a glass door into the adjoining garden. The pleasure grounds of Lysimachus were planted with a beauty and magnificence agreeable to the wealth of the owner; upon the south they opened to the sea, and a walk extended from the house to the margin of the waters. Gostanza now entered into this walk, and following, perhaps insensibly, the impulse of her grief, had arrived at the brink of the approaching tide.

This spectacle could not but recall to her mind the fate of her lost lover; her melancholy was so augmented by such reflections, that she was several times upon the point of rushing forwards, and thus at once concluding with her life and misery. A conscience, early implanted with the precepts of our holy faith, was the only restraint upon this purpose, and even this, perhaps, might have been ineffectual, had not an object diverted her attention, and inspired a new resolution. The tide, which was flowing up, had set afloat the boat of a fisherman which was moored within a few paces of the spot where Gostanza was standing. In the wideness of her despair, she entered this boat; and raising the sails, loosened the rope by which it was moored, and drifted it forward into deeper water. The wind appeared to blow from the shore, the

boat, therefore, soon gained the main sea.—Gostanza here threw away the oars and rudder, and surrendered herself to the chance of the tide and wind. She had no other expectation, nor indeed purpose, than that of being overtaken by the wind, or driven upon some rock—and thus, without an act of her own hand, arrive at the period of her existence. The design of Heaven, however, opposed that of Gostanza.

Gostanza, as if for the last time, threw a regard upon her native island; she then wrapped herself in her mantle, and laying down in the bottom of the boat, resigned herself to grief. "My grief, however," said she, "approaches to its end. Yes, my Martuccio, I thus reject a life which I can no longer devote to thee; before the morning sun of to-morrow our spirits will meet again. Ah, pitying Heaven, forbear again to divide us!"

Thus wept the wretched Gostanza, expecting with the impatience of despair the last relief of the miserable, the solace of an immediate death. The expectation of Gostanza was, however, deceived; and Heaven, who governs the events of the lives of mortals, and guides them by the most indirect means to the accomplishment of its purpose, had prepared another fate, and a happier destiny.

The boat continued the remainder part of the day, and the whole of the following night to sail before the wind, and as the sea was smooth, and the breeze itself rather fresh than violent, it sustained no injury from either. By this means, upon the dawn of the following morning, the boat had gained the opposite coast of Africa, and at length struck upon the shore, near a city of the name of Susa, about a hundred miles below the harbour of Tunis.

Gostanza being still wrapped in her mantle, and at length surprised into a deep sleep, was wholly insensible of her situation, nor knew whether her boat was upon the sea or land. It happened that at the time when the boat had struck upon the shore, a poor woman, the wife of a fisherman, was mending the net of her husband; and her surprise was great to see a boat thus approach, and with extended sails rush upon the shore. She imagined, however, that some fisherman might have fallen asleep, and with this conjecture approached to examine the boat. Her astonishment was increased when she beheld no other person than a young woman, wrapped up in a mantle, and stretched amidst the water which had now half filled the boat. The appearance of Gostanza, however, was not such as to excite terror; the woman, therefore, did not hesitate to awake her, and perceiving by her habit that she was a Christian, demanded of her, in the language of Lipari, by what means she had arrived thither? Gostanza, hearing herself addressed in the language of her own island, suspected that her purpose had failed, and that the wind had driven her back to the coast she had left. With this apprehension she raised herself upon her feet, and cast her eyes upon the country; every object, however, was new; she demanded, therefore, of the woman, into what country she had arrived.

"My daughter," replied the woman, "you are upon the coast of Barbary, and near the city of Susa."

Gostanza, upon this, again lamented the severity of her fate, and more particularly her escape from death; but not knowing how to proceed, she again laid herself on the benches of the boat, and gave free vent to her tears.—The grief of Gostanza, with the beauty and elegance of her form, excited the pity and interest of the woman; she exerted all her efforts to console her, and at length succeeded in leading her to the cottage of her husband.

Gostanza here related in what manner she had arrived upon the coast; the good woman from hence justly concluded her in want of refreshment, and setting some bread and wine before her, invited her with so much earnestness, and so many caresses, to eat that Gostanza was at length prevailed upon to lay aside her purpose of seeking death from a refusal of food. Gostanza now demanded of the woman who she was, and by what means she had learned the language of Lipari?

"My country," replied the woman, "is the neighbourhood of Trapani; my name is Carapresa, and I live here in the service of some Christian fishermen."

Hearing the name of Carapresa, and learning that she was amongst Christians, though upon the coast of infidels, Gostanza, for the first moment, perceived a ray of hope to kindle in her breast, though had any one demanded what was the object of this hope, she had been utterly unable to explain it; her mind, however, under this influence, became easier, her former wish of death vanished, and she consented with a water readiness to take the food which the kindness of the woman still continued to offer. In relating to the good woman the manner by which she had arrived upon the coast of Barbary, she had mentioned nothing further than that she had been surprised into a sudden sleep, and that the wind and tide had thus driven her at their caprice; she had concealed her name, her misfortune, her condition, and the place from which she had come. She now intreated the woman to have pity upon her youth, and give her that counsel and assistance which might enable her to escape without injury to her virtue.

"I will go and put up my nets which I have left upon the shore," replied Carapresa, "and when I return I shall have thought of something in the way. Do you, my child, remain here, you have nothing to fear at present;—but beware you do not approach the door lest some of the Moors of the country should see you; your beauty would then be your ruin."

Saying this, Carapresa left her for the purpose she had mentioned. After some interval she returned; and commanding Gostanza to wrap herself in her mantle, and, according to the custom of the country, veil her face, she conducted her under this concealment to the neighbouring town of Susa. She had no sooner arrived here, than she thus addressed her:

"I am lending you, my daughter, to the house of a Saracen lady of reputation; she has

often had occasion for my services, and as I ever discharged my duty with equal honesty and punctuality, she has been pleased to reward me with the expression of her good will. I will recommend you to her in the strongest manner I am able, and your appearance will not only confirm whatever I shall say, but will speak with yet more effect than myself;—your mein and your form is that of a liberal condition, and your language and manners correspond; I have no doubt, therefore, but that she will receive you upon my recommendation, and entertain you as her daughter. Be it your part to cultivate her affection."

The woman had scarcely finished when they arrived at the door of the lady. They were admitted without delay; and Carapresa performed the part she had undertaken, that of recommending Costanza to the Saracen widow. Her words were not without their desired effect—the lady, who was now advanced in years, after regarding the features of Costanza, began to weep in pity for the forlorn condition to which a young woman of an appearance so liberal was reduced. Taking her hand and saluting her forehead, she conducted her into her house, and from that moment entertained her as her daughter.

(To be Continued.)

## JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

BIOGRAPHY, in wide memorials of human existence, never exalted upon a fairer life, than that of this amiable author. While the writer of this sketch laments the penury of common articles which he will not repeat. He regrets more feelingly his want of power to add to the memorabilia of so great a man. The few circumstances recorded of him are upon the minds of all—and very becomingly are they so; for they furnished out a lesson by which all may learn to live well.

He had the best praise of poetry, and the superior tribute of prose, solemn and sublime, for it is the prose of Young.

The great author of the Night Thoughts hangs with a religious rapture upon the death-bed of Addison, as the consummation of his character—the edifying close of christian resignation,

"He teaches how to die."

There is but one event in the life of Addison which calls on me for investigation or remark—'That conduct towards Pope, which produced the famous portrait of Atticus'—The charges are serious; and, if substantiated by evidence, leave us nothing to plead in bar of sentence, but 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' jealousy of a rival's fame. Let the great writer who has not felt this, pour down alone his censure upon Addison. But from whom does the sarcasm proceed?—from Pope!—from him who provoked the memorable severity of Hill, who,

Poorly accepted fame he ne'er repaid;  
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approved,  
And wanted soul to spread the worth he loved.

Is it not something more than problematic, that conduct, of which Hill so keenly complains, he alone might not have felt, and that the coolness of Addison might have sprung from the petulance of Pope? Let any man, after impartially scanning either the lives or writings of these writers, pronounce from whom he conceives the offensive conduct originally sprung.

The beauty of Pope's compositions have in no trifling degree decorated his life with a beauty which it wanted. He who lives in a state of inadequate enmity, who, in the fine language of Shakespeare, spurns enviously at straws, was more likely to be irritated by the successful sage he revered, than the degraded dunce he delighted to deride.

## EPIGRAM.

On reading an account of the death of Mrs.  
Elizabeth Living.

"Tis a paradox, truly, (say Richard to Ned),  
For if she is *Living*, how can she be *dead*?"

## THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander  
Upon a distant shore;  
Where lovely, fair, and tender,  
Is she whom I adore:  
May Heav'n, its blessings sparing,  
On her bestow them free,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

Had Fortune fixed my station,  
In some propitious hour,  
The monarch of a nation,  
Endowed with wealth and power;  
That wealth and power sharing,  
My peerless queen should be,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean  
May long between us roar,  
Yet while my heart has motion,  
She'll lodge within its core;  
For artless and endearing,  
And mild and young is she,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives intimation,  
That my last hour is nigh,  
With placid resignation  
I'll lay me down and die;  
Fond hope my bosom cheering,  
That I in heaven shall see,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

R. M. H.

## SLIGHTED LOVE.

See, the sun his glory shrouds  
In a sable veil of clouds;  
See the glimmering landscape fade,  
Buried in the dusky shade.

See the gathering tempest lour,  
Fast descends the driving shower,  
Loud and deep the thunders roar  
Roll along the sea boat shore.

But when the sun's enlivening ray  
Shall usher in the coming day,  
The bright'ning scene will smile again,  
Fresher for the evening's rain.

Not so his breast neglect has wrung,  
And scorn's venom'd arrow stung;  
No charm can ever sooth its pain,  
No art can bid it still again.

The morn may bid the tempest cease,  
But nothing can restore its peace;  
Again the bright'ning scene may smile,  
But nothing can its cares beguile.

E. W.

## LINES.

Occasioned by a Lady's presenting a Gentleman with  
an Apple.

An apple caused our present state,  
And by inevitable fate,  
Condemned us all to die;  
But if that apple was so fine,  
And came from such a hand as thine,  
Who from its charms could fly.

How then can I poor Adara blame,  
When I myself had done the same;  
Had you the apple given;  
I should, like him, without dispute,  
Have eaten the forbidden fruit,  
And lost, for you, my heaven.

R. S.

## MERRIMENT.

A GENTLEMAN, not far from this city, who prizes himself much in dissecting a fowl, was invited to dine with a party, who took care to have a hen, the joints of which had, in the course of years, been well united. Being desired to perform his favourite part, he very readily consented; but, after a display of his abilities, in which he divided the disjuncts, and shared the gravy between himself and neighbours, he was constrained to give up the contest protesting, he believed it was the mother of the Cock that crow to Peter!

A young lady who had been insulted by a maid in her neighbourhood, by way of revenge placarded the following lines on her doors and windows one night. —

To be let, or be sold, for the term of her life,  
Elizabeth Hall—by the way of a wife;  
Sue's old and she's ugly—ill-natured and thin;  
For further particulars—inquire within.

A gentleman seeing a man in the stocks, observed to him, that he thought he had got an airy situation; the man, in a sulky tone, replied, that if he was there, he would call it a *confined* one.

A musical gentleman, while performing, was lately arrested by two huiliffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio*. 'I should rather imagine (said the unfortunate gentleman) you wish for a *catch*.'

A watchman, who was charged with being guilty of riotous behaviour the night before, excused himself by declaring, that he was *fast asleep* almost the whole of the night.

On seeing an Old Man with his Young Wife  
arm in arm.  
When an Old man is wed to a handsome young  
bride,  
It well may be said he has Youth on his side.

## ANECDOTE OF GARRICK AND PREVILLE.

When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer Preville. They were on horseback, and Preville undertook to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture; he did not *make his legs drunk*. 'Hold, my friend (said he) and I shall shew you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse of a summer evening to go to his box in the country.' He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant, that the sun and the field were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared, and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his head, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked him again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were close, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished, and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed: 'My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him.'



BEAT are the ills which man is born to bear—  
 Griefs unnumbered, misery, and care;  
 Yet to thee. Oh! Sorrow's child, 'tis given,  
 To fortify thy mind with hopes in heaven,  
 That in affliction's hour, so dark and drear,  
 Thou mayst with firmness check each falling tear.  
 The poor camel, thoughtless of his load,  
 Hungry and thirsty still pursues his road  
 Through sandy deserts, ever-burning plains,  
 And e'en a scanty draught rewards his pains:  
 Thus should weak mortals patiently endure—  
 For Fortitude can best our miseries cure.  
 The noble mind, unconscious of a fault,  
 Or fortune's frowns can bend, or smiles exalt—  
 Like the firm rock that in mid ocean braves  
 The roar of whirlwinds and the dash of waves,  
 Like a tower, he lifts his head on high,  
 And fortune's arrows far below him fly.  
 The timorous man, regardless of his name,  
 Cowardice, betrays himself to shame—  
 And as the osier, at each zephyr's breath,  
 Bends pliant down, to kiss the stream beneath,  
 He, who every insult tamely bears,  
 Creates those evils which at first he fears.

E. C.

## SONNET.

Woe! though sorrow, and the injury  
 Of faithless man are marked upon thy brow  
 Indelible—though on my sunken cheek  
 Of fading hues, usurping flushes speak  
 A slow decline—yet can I smile with thee,  
 And in thy converse all those pleasures know  
 Which tranquil minds, unwarp'd by worldly wo,  
 Are unalloyed in virtuous sympathy.  
 Woe! the cheering influence of thy smiles,  
 From harass'd memory, sickening at the view  
 Of sorrows past, which my dark thoughts pursue,  
 When I revert, the lonely hours beguile,  
 And calm my mind. So the afar-seen light  
 Gilds the benighted wanderer's weary sight.

R. W. H.

## THE CHARMS OF VIRTUE.

THE enjoyment of virtue is wholly internal  
 And the chief pleasure of her real votaries,  
 Is of doing good.  
 God, in his Divine mercy, says Sadi the  
 Philosopher, introduced a certain virtuous man  
 To a society of religious, whose manners  
 Were pure and holy. Struck with their virtues,  
 He quickly began to imitate them, to shake  
 All his former habits—in a word, to be a  
 Model of justice, of sobriety, of patience, of  
 Industry, and of benevolence. His good  
 Works were undeniable, but people imputed  
 Them to unworthy motives. They were all  
 Days for judging for him by what he had  
 Done not by what he was. Overwhelmed  
 With sorrow, he poured forth his tears into  
 The bosom of an ancient Solitary, who was  
 As just, as well as more humane than the  
 Arr'd bigot.  
 "O my son," said the old man to him,  
 "Return thanks to the Almighty, that thou  
 Art superior to thy reputation. Happy is  
 The man who can say, My enemies and my rivals  
 Pronounce me for vices of which I am not  
 Guilty.—If thou art good, what matters it to  
 Me, that men persecute and even punish  
 Me as being one of the wicked?—Hast thou  
 Not, for thy comfort, two unerring testimo-  
 Nies of thy actions, God and thy conscience?"

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 40 persons (of whom 18 were men, 10 women, 7 boys, and 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. In childhood 1, of cholera morbus 1, consumption 13, convulsions 6, debility 1, decay 1, nervous fever 1, typhus fever 3, hives 1, infanticide 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, old age 4, quincy 1, scrofula 1, sudden death 1, and 3 have been sacrificed, through ignorance or prejudice, to the small pox.

\* The case of infanticide is a newborn female, found upon a stoop in Chatham-street, where some human brute had left it in the evening of Saturday se'night.

## NEW CITY-HALL.

The Building Committee, in their report of the 5th inst. state, that during the last season there has been expended 40,162 dollars, and that the building will probably be completely roofed during the next season—and that the Hall, in its present state, including the materials on hand, has cost 247,163 dollars.

By London papers, up to October 28, we learn that the Emperors of France and Russia have made overtures to the British government for Peace—that there is an armistice between Russia and Sweden—and that the French had retaken Bâle.

N. Y. Gaz.

CHEAP CIRCULATING LIBRARY,  
 At No. 178, William-Street, near the North Church,  
 CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF  
 VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, HISTORIES,  
 NOVELS, ROMANCES, MAGAZINES, AND  
 MISCELLANIES.

Terms of Subscription are—Per month four shillings,  
 quarter ten shillings, six months sixteen shillings,  
 and by the year four dollars.

The Winter in London, The Lawyer, Griffith Ab-  
 bey, the Wild Irish Boy, and a number of other new  
 and excellent Novels have lately been added to the  
 collection.

December 3

1033 2.

## WANTED,

A Boy as an Apprentice to the Gunsmith and Cutlery  
 business, one from the country will be preferred en-  
 quire at this Office.

November 19

1031 if.

## FRENCH TUITION.

At No. 1, Magazine, near Chatham Street,  
 Where the French Language is now taught, and where  
 the School will continue to be kept during the whole  
 season. Persons desirous of becoming acquainted  
 with that almost universal language, and who may  
 favour M. Fraissier with their commands, will have a  
 good opportunity, during that time to acquire a com-  
 petent knowledge of the language to transact business,  
 in general.

N. B. An evening School is kept, for the convenience  
 of Gentlemen who find it inconvenient to attend in  
 day time.

November 19

1031 6t.

☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS  
 at this office.

## MISS ADAMS

Inform her friends, that she continues to make Rid-  
 ing habits, Coats, and Pelisses, with Mantua-making  
 of every description, likewise Corsets, in the most  
 fashionable manner, at No. 117, William-street.

October 22.

1027—6t.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

By intellectual pleasures only thine,  
 Connubial joys, which all our thoughts refine,  
 Such as, in Eden known, from love arise,  
 Exalting mortals almost to the skies.

## MARRIED.

On Friday evening 2d inst. at Flushing, Long Island,  
 by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Daniel Cook, Merchant  
 of this city, to Miss Mary Wright of Norwich, Oyster  
 Bay.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr  
 Thomas Degithem, to Miss Henrietta Case.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. M<sup>r</sup> K night  
 Mr. Andrew Hogan, printer, of Philadelphia, to Miss  
 Jane C. Queen, of this city.

At Norfolk, Philemon Gatewood, Esq. a naval offi-  
 cer, to Mrs. Mary Brown.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Nevitt, to Miss Sarah  
 S. Stotesbury.

At same place, the Rev. William T. Missconery,  
 to Mrs. Sarah Short.

At Friend's Meeting-House, Philadelphia, Joseph  
 Parker, merchant, to Deborah Smith.

At Pompton, New-Jersey, Mr. James Carrol, to  
 Miss Lactitia Hanion.

## MORTALITY.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
 To push us to the tomb;  
 And fierce diseases wait around,  
 To hurry mortals home.

## DIED.

On Tuesday, after a lingering illness, Capt. Wil-  
 liam Roberts.

At Albany, Mr. Jacob Bleeker, Jun aged 62.

At Lexington, Kentucky, Mr. George Bruce.

At Norfolk, Mrs. Sarah Layall, aged 46, wife of  
 George Layall Esq.

## LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG  
 Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano Forte, at his  
 residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following  
 Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the  
 progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only  
 Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a  
 time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week,  
 from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity,  
 so as to render the instructions in their progress  
 equally beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition  
 to commence.
6. Terms \$ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils  
 shall have the strictest attention paid to their accom-  
 plishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the  
 Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their  
 Houses, if required.

☞ For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-  
 FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son, London—  
 selected by Mr. Frederick Rausch.

December 10. 1808.

1034—1f.

## HUTCHINS' IMPROVED ALMANACK;

For 1809:

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single One.

ALSO,  
 A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF  
 CHRISTMAS PIECES,  
 COLOURED AND PLAIN,  
 For Sale at this Office.

## S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,  
 FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
 FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 3, Peck Slip,  
 and at the Proprietor's, 48, Frankfort-street

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### CANZONET.

I whispered her my last adieu,  
I gave a mournful kiss;  
Cold showers of sorrow bashed her eyes,  
And her poor heart was torn with sighs;  
Yet—strange to tell—'twas then I knew  
Most perfect bliss.

For love, at other times suppressed,  
Was all betrayed at this—  
I saw him weeping in her eyes,  
I heard him breathe amongst her sighs,  
And every sob which shook her breast,  
Thrilled mine with bliss.

The sighs which keen affection clears,  
How can it judge amiss?  
To me it pictured hope; and taught  
My spirit this consoling thought—  
That love's sun, though it rise in tears,  
May set in bliss!

### EPICURE.

Curses well to Tom, 'mid matrimonial strife,  
Cursed be the hour I first became your wife.  
By all the powers, said Tom, but that's too bad,  
You've cursed the only civil hour we've had.

### SONG.

BY MR. CAREY.

When Colin first spoke of his amorous smart,  
And told me that kisses could cure,  
And hugged me, and called me the girl of his heart,  
Why, I thought he was joking, for sure, for sure,  
I thought he was joking, for sure.

When he woo'd me with sighs to consent to his bliss,  
Where the pink and the jasmine allure,  
I thought, to myself, while he stole a soft kiss,  
Was it that that he wanted, for sure, for sure?  
Was it that that he wanted, for sure?

When with tears, at my feet, for compassion he prayed,  
His anguish I could not endure;  
And I laughed at the comical figure he made,  
And cried, 'You are joking, for sure, for sure!  
And cried, 'You are joking, for sure!'

But, oh! when he found that I pitied his case,  
And needs must consent to his cure;  
He locked me so fast in a tender embrace,  
That I thought I was dying for sure, for sure;  
I thought I was dying, for sure.

### WOMEN.

The cautious fool is frightened but to find  
A female gifted with a spark of mind;  
The dart of wit opposed to folly's shield,  
Compels him trembling from the routed field.  
He seeks for those, if such there well can be,  
Beneath him sunk in folly one degree;  
That women should be fools you seem to think,  
Like parblind owls on reason's sunshine blink.  
Perhaps with justice you this creed advance—  
Had women wit, purples could stand no chance.

As some gentlemen was dining one day at a tavern on roast beef, one of them observed, 'that the Irish made more blunders than any other nation.' An Irishman, standing by, replied 'And by —, the English swallow more.'

## THE MORALIST.

### PLEASURES AND PURSUITS OF HUMAN LIFE.

'Oh! with what joy would I resign my breath!  
The wretch exclaims, and prays for instant death;  
The fiend approaching, he inverts his prayer,  
'Oh! grant me life, and double all my care!'

Man is continually complaining of the cares and miseries of life, and yet dreading nothing so much as the approach of death to his relief. A wise and good man knows, that care must be more or less the portion in this life, and that it is his duty to endure it with patience and resignation. Labour, poverty, and disease, with numberless disappointments in our several pursuits, must be expected and sustained; and he is the best and happiest man, who neither wishes for the approach of death, nor is afraid to meet it.

There is an analogy between the circumstances of the highest and the lowest among mankind, which is very much calculated to flatter the pride and vanity so incident to human nature. The same parts are acted, but in a different sphere, by a circle of courtiers and a company of beggars.

One man is perhaps the wonder of all the known world, another is the admiration of a particular country, another is the pride of a great city, and another is the first character in a village. All these shine illustriously, and with proper dignity and splendour in their several orbs; but shuffle them out of their stations, place the village at the head of an immense army, and confine the hero within the boundaries of a little town, perhaps they would both appear ridiculous.

The laugh however will always run strongest against him, that elevates himself to a dignity which he cannot support; and though he might be applauded within his own narrow circle, when he comes on the grand theatre of the world, he cannot fail to be universally derided.

The mind of man is not formed for unremitted attention, nor his body for unintermitted labour; and we can no more go through any business requiring intense thought, without unbending the mind, and relaxing it from the fatigue of concentration, than we can perform a long journey without refreshing ourselves by due rest at the several stages of it.

The faculties always kept on the stretch, lose their tongue and vigour, and become dull and languid. The mind is formed for contemplation, the body for exercise; but continual labour would destroy both. We should not therefore be ashamed to relax at proper intervals; and as the Sabbath renews the strength of the peasants, and fits them to return to their labours with fresh cheerfulness; so a little holiday in our studies qualifies us to pursue them with fresh assiduity, and greater probability of success.

Meditate, but slight not labour;  
Labour, but slight not meditation.

\* Nothing can accomplish this, but the dictates of religion.

### MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PAKSEN

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen, that he continues to paint likenesses, from 3 to 10 dollars each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please. Specimens to be seen at No. 104, Chatham-Street, where Gold Lockets, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.  
Nov. 3. 1839—If

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY  
N. SMITH—CHEMICAL PERFUMER,  
FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' named Combs of the newest fashion—also dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash far superior to any other for softening beauty and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.  
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, and sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and bottle, or 5 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d. Smith's Savonette Royal Paste for washing skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft matams, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per pot. Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Case, made on a nical principles to help the operation of shaving and 1s 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box. Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books. Ladies' silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold. \* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pe knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery 8 French Marcellis Pomatum.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. January 1, 1838

### CISTERN.

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by C ALFORD  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

### JEWELRY.

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with the approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, brooches, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearls plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair worn necklaces and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chain watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the lowest prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES, ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No 104 Maiden Lane